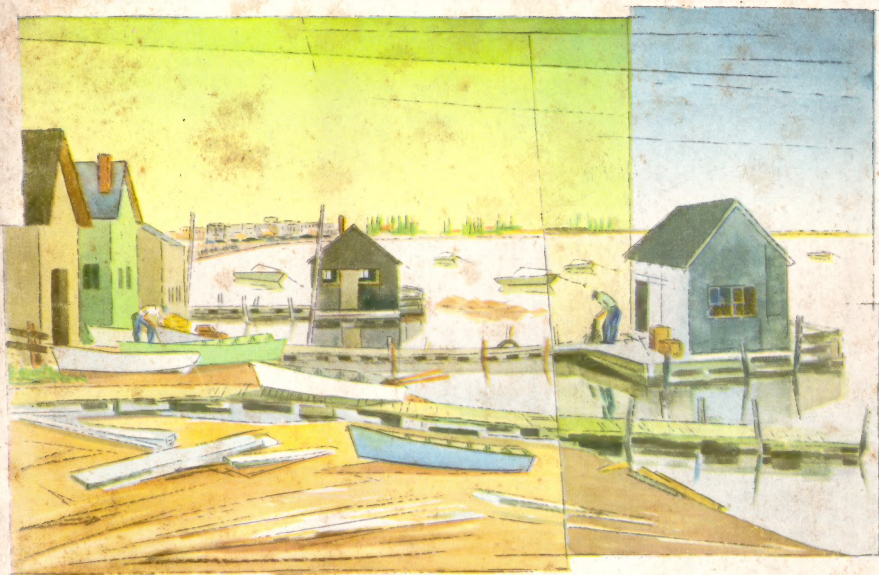


FORD TIMES



april 1950



Herbs for the Medicine Man

NAVAJO INDIAN with medicinal herbs which he has collected for the Navajo Medicine Man who will use them to cure the Indian's little girl. See "Ceremonials In Sand," page 25, by Joyce Rockwood Muench. Photograph by Josef Muench. ■

FORD TIMES

April, 1950

Contents

Grand Marais	2
MARGARET CULKIN BANNING	
The Tarpon's Zany Cousin	10
PETE BARRETT	
Custom Conversions	17
BURGESS H. SCOTT	
Ohio's Roadside Parks	18
GEORGE LAYCOCK	
Ceremonials in Sand	25
JOYCE ROCKWOOD MUENCH	
Newgate Nightmare	28
MARJORIE FREER	
The Finger Lakes of Central New York	34
JOHN DURANT	
Up the Mississippi	43
DON BROWN	
Mr. Lincoln Was With Us	46
NELL GILES AHERN	
Miami Off Season	53
JAMES H. EAST	
Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns ..	57
Cartoons—8, 14; One-Picture Stories—9, 15; Americamera —23, 40; Glove Compartment—42; Games—60; Contributors—64.	

William D. Kennedy **Editor-in-Chief**
Arthur T. Lougee **Art Director**
Edmund Ware Smith **Managing Editor**
Burgess H. Scott **Roving Editor**

Associate Editors

Mary E. Richards **Nancy Kennedy**
Malcolm T. Young **Production Assistant**
Pauline Syler **Circulation Manager**

The Ford Times is published monthly by the Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. Board of Publishers: W. D. Kennedy, Chairman; Charles E. Carl; J. R. Davis; B. R. Donaldson; Arthur T. Lougee; Walker Williams. Copyright 1950, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.

My Favorite Town—

Grand Marais

by Margaret Culkin Banning

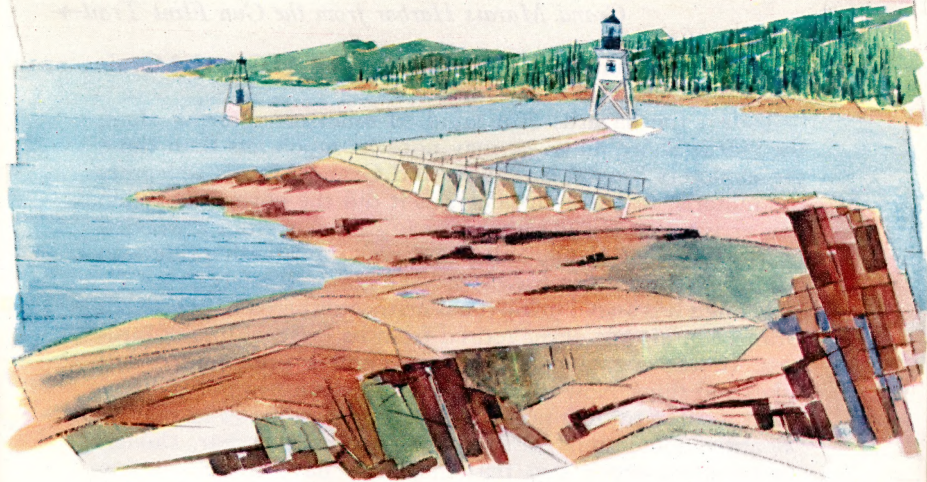
paintings by Wayne L. Claxton

IN GRAND MARAIS nobody puts on any airs. People dress to suit the weather, as they always did. They are very proud of their weather and grateful to the Lake for it. The Lake—Superior—keeps the town cool in summer and “draws the cold” in winter. Anyone who lives there will tell you how much colder it is a few miles north in December and that, if you really want to be cool, you had better stick around in July. If you do stick around, you will soon tell the same story.

The little French-named town has never been my home, yet it has always been a part of our family life. Before I knew that the words meant “great marsh,” they already meant adventure to me. When I was a child, my father, who dealt in land and law, often went on trips to Grand Marais, which was a hundred miles distant on the North Shore of Lake Superior. He always came back with a pair of Indian moccasins, or hand-made snowshoes, or a necklace of plaited beads to stir the imagination. Or the trophy might be a huge lake trout. Even the moose head which hung for years in our front hall, with its beard always tempting us to jump and see if we could grab it, had been shot near Grand Marais.

My father brought back bits and pieces of land too, though that was not so exciting. There is still a strip of shore, very near Grand Marais, belonging to our family, and taxes on it are received in the local courthouse there, for the town is the county seat. Not long ago I went to pay the taxes and the lure of Grand Marais reached out for me again.

It is a town which has held the loyalty of people who lived there for generations. Founded in 1871 as a village, on the site of the old harbor and trading post, by Henry Mayhew and Sam Howenstine, it became the family seat of the Mayhews. Henry Mayhew's son, George, lived there for seventy years, from birth to a death which the town is now mourning. The elder Mr. Mayhew and his partner owned the two bays,



Harbor Entrance, Grand Marais, Minnesota

in the days when people owned bays! They had a store as well and also managed the post office. But it has never been a town in which any well-to-do person was set apart. The Mayhews were friendly, generous people.

"I never had a dress that wasn't made over from something the Mayhew girls wore," said one of the old residents to me.

Mr. Charles Seglem, another old-timer, has been receiving the county taxes for two generations. He can look at your tax description with its cryptic, mathematical description of boundaries and tell you what the land is like, how heavily wooded it is, and how to get to it, for he has been there, perhaps by portaging a canoe before the road went through. Grand Marais people often do not seem to think of value in terms of money first, and somehow they make you, too, think in terms of enjoyment and adventure as well as livelihood.

It is an old, sure village. Somehow it manages to give out a feeling of arrival, which few towns of its size can project. It is not one more village to speed by with a casual look. It is a destination. Grand Marais has had long practice in being that. The curve of its East Bay, comforting and comfortable as a friendly arm around a stranger, sheltered Indians and explorers hundreds of years ago, after they had traveled dangerously and often to exhaustion on the wild and hostile Great

Grand Marais Harbor from the Gun Flint Trail→

Lakes. The natural and beautiful harbor of Grand Marais was a blessing to the early traders.

Today, the hazards of a hundred miles of motoring along the North Shore may—or may not—be much less than those the explorers braved by canoe, and Grand Marais welcomes the motorist to pause in safety, as it did the voyageur. When you arrive, you see the town spreading down from a wooded hill to the edge of the Lake, and you think with pride—no doubt like those early travelers, “We got here safely!”

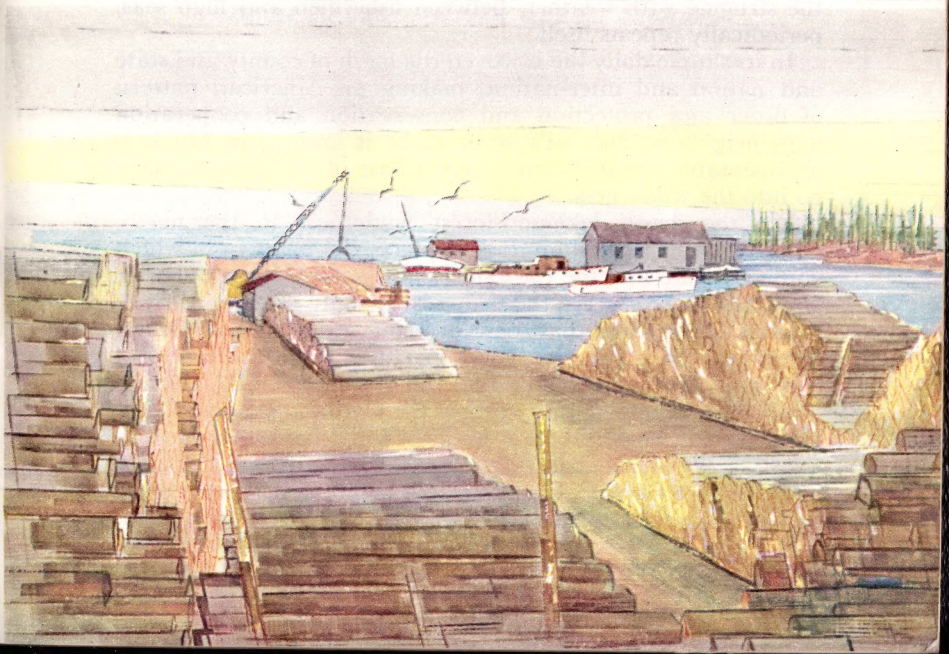
Though it is an old town, it has neither withered nor decayed. Grand Marais has never retired from its original line of business. It was always a fishing town, and a port, and it still fishes and ships. Now it trades with tourists instead of Indians, but it is still a trading post. Grand Marais estimates its present “floating population” at forty-two thousand a year, though the county assessor says that they may have counted a few people twice as they came and went. It is certain that at least a thousand people live permanently in the town, and the figure is probably low, for many new houses are going up. Even after a couple of hundred years, Grand Marais does not believe that it has got its growth.

Yet nothing has changed too much in all its years. In 1880, Jack Scott of Grand Marais built a house with a view, close to the shore. In 1950, thousands of tourists will share that same untampered-with view, sometimes a long, wide sunset, sometimes a sharp, bright sunrise, sometimes a high-piled bank of ice glittering fiercely in the winter light.

It has seen better days and worse ones. In the courthouse old records of early homesteading are filed cheek by jowl with new records of riparian rights, bought only this year by city people who have just discovered the beauty of the nearby shores. Grand Marais takes pride, too, in being a government town at all levels. Not only is it the county seat, but it is important in the State of Minnesota, for the state maintains a Game and Fish Department there as well as a Forestry Office. On the national level, Grand Marais is a base for the North Superior Coast Guard and also a National Forestry Station.

Also it is well used to international relations. The Canadian

Grand Marais still ships pulpwood for paper.→



border is only forty miles away, and the immigration officials who have charge of the border make their homes, for the most part, in Grand Marais. The area has always been familiar with international problems. Before 1763, there was a constant seepage of trade from Montreal to Grand Portage, which is only thirty-eight miles from Grand Marais. According to the diaries of old fur traders, they used Grand Marais as a base as early as 1775, in those years when New England was fighting for life and independence, but there was no settlement at that time at Grand Marais. No independent trader dared to build a post there until after Congress had excluded all foreign companies, and that came much later. It was Grand Portage and not Grand Marais which was the metropolis of those early traders, boasting shops and French fashions, drinking places and "even law enforcement," says one historian. But today Grand Portage has dwindled to a historic site, while Grand Marais goes right along with the contemporary life and business of the nation.

The Great Marsh, which gave the town its name, is only twenty acres or less in area. But from its beginning, it was naturally useful. Because it continues that tradition, it is still sound and vital. In the town you can never forget history, for the struggle with weather, between fishermen and high seas, periodically repeats itself.

In its simple daily life is woven the mesh of county and state and nation and inter-nation, making an American pattern of order and protection and conservation and cooperation with neighbors. Size will never make it important, but it is indispensable, for men must have a base of supply when they go into the wilderness.

For the great, lake-and-forest wilderness to the north, Grand Marais is the jumping-off place, the point from which you adventure into the Caribou Roadless Area of the Superior National Forest, where the canoe is the only means of travel.

Although it gives that sense of being a destination, Grand Marais is also a point of new departure. From the center of the town, off to the north, goes the Gunflint Trail, which is hard-surfaced now until it reaches the Caribou Roadless Area. From the harbor, and from another small bay, boats go out at all possible seasons into the rough waters of Lake Superior for "deep-sea fishing." There are still plenty of lake trout to be had, though not in the fantastic quantities of a generation ago.

"You just had to scoop them up," an old-timer told me,

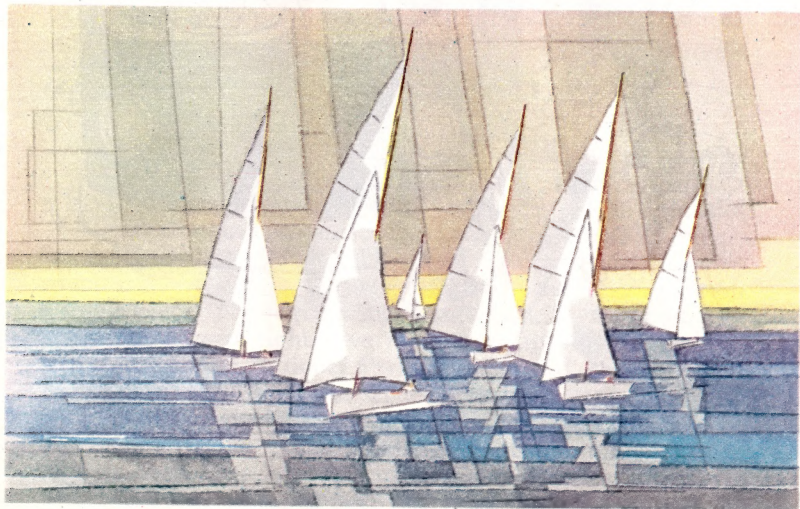
"you didn't even need a net. But of course there aren't so many now, for people go after the fish harder."

They shipped lumber from Grand Marais in the old days when it was possible to rob the forests. That shipping goes on still, though the forests are controlled. Twenty-five thousand cords of pulpwood will go out this year from the little harbor. So there is nothing ghost-town about Grand Marais.

It is its atmosphere as well as its scenery which has attracted men of distinction and talent to the area. The post office address of a brilliant doctor is Grand Marais. He lives a few miles up the highway, but Grand Marais is his town, where he comes to buy what he calls his "fortnightly loaf of bread." He used to have a busy practice in a city, but he found that the life of the North Shore is more real, more to his taste.

Artists stop there, and sometimes stay. The original woodcuts which one of them makes are becoming famous in the region. There is much knowledge in the village, knowledge of forestry, of hunting and fishing skills, of books and paints. The thousands of travelers who pass through it have always kept Grand Marais and its people from stagnation, surprise and snob-bishness. ■

Before the wind—summer on Lake Superior.





ERIN O'MALLEY

"Don't you ever get lost?"



photograph by Fred H. Ragsdale

*“Life-Size” Paul Bunyan —
a one-picture story*

WHENEVER Paul Bunyan is under discussion, statistics assume grand proportions and magical power. Consider, for example, this wood sculpture of Paul and his Blue Ox, which is thought to be the largest figure in the world cut from a single piece. The sequoia log from which it was laboriously hewn was lugged eighty-five miles from the mountains and set up in Sequoia National Park in California. Before Carroll Barnes, a modern sculptor, set to work on it with chisel and hammer, it weighed forty tons. Six years later Paul and the ox emerged in completed form, weighing a trifling fourteen tons. It must have been a Bunyanesque job alone to remove twenty-six tons of, let us say, “shavings.” ■

The Tarpon's Zany Cousin

story and photographs by Pete Barrett

A MAN doesn't have to be crazy to fish for shad, but a touch of sun helps now and then. Picture a fish so capricious it doesn't know its mind for more than a few minutes at a time. For a brief, wonderful period it may hit with mad abandon, then the deal's off. It can escape with an impossible caper when the net is ready. How can you reason with such a creature?

But these qualities pale to nothingness when compared with the shad's predilection for colors. This lovely eccentricity has driven plenty of strong-willed men to absolute frenzy.

Up on the Connecticut River—at Enfield Dam, say—it goes this way. Two men are fishing side by side; one doing a terrific business with the shad, the other coming to a slow boil. Finally the desperate one speaks.

"What color are they hitting?" he asks, hating the question.

The busy one squints at the sky a moment for inspiration. "Guess you'd call it an off-shade of lavender."

Now the luckless one hauls out a tin box and paws through it—no off-shade of lavender. Who'd think of a silly color like lavender when they wanted mother-of-pearl yesterday? He can now continue the torture of fishing the wrong color, or quit temporarily—the smart thing to do, for soon the shad might switch to carnation red. That's why it would be so risky to dash into town for the lavender; the show might be over by the time he returned.

If you imagine that this matter of color is concerned mostly with a fly or a lure, you're wrong. The bauble that shad are interested in along the Connecticut is a bead or two riding on the leader just above the lure. With the right beads, you can catch a barrellful of shad on a bare, silver-colored hook.

This bead business is serious. It is also brisk. There's more bead swapping and buying on the Connecticut than when they sold Manhattan Island to the Indians. Shad fishermen hit the junk-jewelry sales in town, prowl the five-and-dimes for inexpensive glass bead necklaces. Finally, now that someone's secret is out, they buy nail polish for bead daubing—the quickest way known to parlay a drab bit of glass into a red-hot



Fishing just below the dam at Enfield.

winner. But you'd better not fool with Blushing Pink if they're taking Pale Sunrise!

Each spring, from the unknown depths of the Atlantic and the Pacific; shad ascend our coastal streams in unbelievable hordes to spawn. It is perhaps because they seek little if any food that they are so choosy about hitting the small-winged flies, the tiny spinners, spoons and fluttering lures that fishermen tease through their ranks.

As they go upriver, the shad pause in pools and eddies, whirling and chasing one another in flashing schools. Now, if you watch, you can see their inconsistencies. They seem unable to follow one leader. They split up, flow together again, reverse themselves in silvery confusion. Small wonder then

that fishing for them is erratic: a channel may be overcrowded one moment, deserted the next.

Fishermen with rods crowd these resting places along the Connecticut, especially the big concentration points below dams like Enfield. Watching them here is almost as diverting as fishing. They're faddists and individualists in the extreme. One man will insist upon standing on a certain rock. If it's occupied when he arrives, he waits doggedly till it isn't.

You'll see another fellow using a nail for a sinker; he caught his first shad this way, after weeks of trying, and now won't use anything else. Some swear by a particular bead-and-fly combination and fish it ceaselessly. There's a great deal of sly peering at the other guy's beads.

And when the fish are hitting in the fitfully tantalizing way of shad—three fish at the head of a row of anglers; then nothing there whilst a man in the middle tilts with a couple—you'll witness the bead-changing ritual at its tensest. Beads are snipped free and replaced behind cupped hands.

If the fellow hits on *the* color, he tries to keep it a secret for as many casts as he can get away with.

In the midst of this hectic rod-swishing and scrabbling in bead boxes, one man will be fishing with stoic calm. That will be Elmer Rivers, a magician among Enfield's shad fishermen. He has no vast collection of baubles. His flies appear barely adequate. Yet Elmer can take 'em when men swear there are no shad in the river.

Once, to see just how far he could carry his skill, Elmer Rivers hooked, landed and released more than 100 shad in a day's sport with a fly rod.

It is amusing to watch other anglers watch Elmer. He is usually in the middle of a line, because others flank him swiftly after he steps into the river. Then, after he has taken a couple, the big squeeze begins and Rivers starts to feel like the center section of an accordion. His casting is hampered; his tackle minutely inspected. You get the feeling that his neighbors try to count the revolutions of his reel.

Pretty soon the whole line will be casting the same distance as Elmer, with the same approximate timing of the swing, the same snubbing of the lure in the current. And guess who keeps on catching the shad.

But the others keep trying, for they know that to hook and play this crazy cousin of the tarpon is high excitement. They



*Above left: Typical lineup on the Connecticut River.
Above right: Elmer Rivers netting one not far from Enfield.*

remember silver cartwheels in the sun, the fiddle-string tightness of the line as it sings against the pluck of the current while a six- or seven-pound berserk beauty races the river.

They remember these things and more, and they keep on trying because they're committed to experimenting. Shad have been running East Coast rivers for centuries, but men with rods have barely got to know them. At Enfield, it's the bead that's king; at Little Falls on the Potomac and at the St. Johns River in Florida, small spoons have the come-hither.

Who knows what they'll take next—or when? What price a Lilly Daché shad lure! Make it gaudy, make it crazy, and a shad fisherman will try it.

*Below left: George Heinold helps Rivers to net one.
Below right: Station at Enfield Dam for checking catch.*





"Must be your hat—what else?"



photograph by John F. Urwiller

Maroon Bells—a one-picture story

IN RUGGED Pitkin County in western Colorado even the rubber-tire traveler can glimpse an area that is near-wilderness. Not far from the winter sports center of Aspen a secondary road leads southwest from State Highway 82, toward the Maroon Bells-Snowmass Wild Area. This 64,600-acre tract is traversable only by horse or on foot, but the road takes you within admiring distance of the spectacular Maroon Bells (above). Maroon Peak, which gives the group its name, is shaped like a giant bell and rises to 14,126 feet. Below it is Maroon Lake, a favorite fishing spot. Always beautiful, this section of the White River National Forest is never more so than in spring, when trout leap in its icy lakes and rushing streams, and its lower slopes are carpeted with pasque, monkshood, snowberry and other mountain flowers. ■



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

W. P. McDOWELL, Ford dealer in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, sits behind the wheel of a whatzit (*upper left*) which his body shop made from a wrecked '49 tudor described as a total insurance loss. The car was made for W. P. Jones, a rather tall man from Virginia Beach, Virginia. Mr. Jones preferred to start with the remains of the tudor because it afforded an opportunity to have a custom interior that would accommodate his height in every respect, including a bed in the trunk seven feet long.

His specifications called for a low top and the seat flat on the floor. Parts from two old Ford convertible tops and two from another make of car went into the new top. Part of the metal top from an old car was used to finish the contour of the rear deck, the original trunk lid being used. Tires of size 6.50 x 16, six-ply, were added, and the chromium was sandblasted and painted the color of the car. Doors were cut down and the edges rolled under in car-

rying out the low-slung appearance. The interior was lowered by cutting and welding to provide the sleeping compartment, and the job was completed with a '49 Ford convertible windshield.

Mr. Jones reports that the only trouble so far is that too many people stop him to ask what it is.

M. E. Mason of Bellflower, California, stands with the conversion he made of a '41 Ford convertible (*lower left*). He got the lowered effect by cutting four inches out of the body and three and one-half inches from the windshield. The fenders are molded into the body and the trunk lid has been filled, the compartment being entered by pulling the rear seats forward. The hood was chopped to correspond with the body.

With standard springs and shock absorbers the car stands 54 inches high. Mr. Mason plans to add a '49 Ford grille, lower the axle two and one-half inches, and install coil springs in front. He says it now handles better at high speeds than most standard cars. ■



Ohio's Roadside Parks

by George Laycock

decorations by Charles Harper

BACK IN 1936, Ohio Department of Highways traffic experts became distressed by the fact that once a motorist started down an Ohio road all he could do was keep going. All along the highways were signs warning against parking on the traveled road. Drivers who grew tired at the wheel had no choice but to keep traveling. If it was Sunday and the family wanted to stop for a picnic lunch

they could seldom find a spot that would be safe and sanitary.

The point that moved the highway experts into action, however, was their belief that tired drivers have more accidents. The safety engineers felt that here was one reason for the high accident rate. They decided to do something about it.

What was needed was not regular scale state parks—of which

Ohio has 50 or more—but impromptu rest spots into which motorists could pull on the spur of the moment.

If you drive across the state of Ohio today you can see what they did. The solution was a series of roadside parks throughout the state. Within a few years Ohio had what is generally considered the best system of roadside parks of all the states in the nation. These parks, which average an acre in size, dot the state like freckles on a kid's face. Wherever you travel in Ohio you can't go long without coming to a roadside park equipped for comfort and designed for service and beauty.

They're in Ohio's beautiful hill country which rises to a surprising elevation of 1,500 feet; in her sections that call New England to mind; and in the more gently rolling southern river country.

A typical Ohio roadside park has sanitary toilet facilities, non-smoking fireplaces, free fire wood, safe drinking water, picnic tables and plenty of space to relax and eat or play. The first park was

finished in 1937. Now there are 278, and more are being built each year.

Ohio has designed her roadside parks to fit the landscape. Along the river shores there are long narrow ones with a maximum of river frontage. Where the road has been relocated there is often a triangle of land left, and many of these have become roadside parks complete with trees and green lawns. Each park blends into its setting. They are free of bright colors and commercial atmosphere. The tables, toilets and other fixtures are painted a dull brown or green. The parks are out in the country, away from street cars and theatre marquees. They have been made to keep in character.

Highway travelers in Ohio are happy about these little roadside parks. Ohio citizens take them for granted and when they go driving are on the lookout for them. Out-of-state travelers are always pleasantly surprised by them, and after the first few they, too, keep an eye open for the signs that tell



This roadside park is east of Fairview, on U. S. Highway 40.



Ohio roadside park on U. S. Highway 30, east of Mansfield.

them they are one mile from the next roadside park. Each month letters converge on the State Department of Highways in Columbus to tell the officials how much their parks are enjoyed and appreciated.

From New York, a motorist wrote, "So far we found no roadside parks to surpass Ohio's." A rabbi from Rock Island, Illinois, sent a note back to Ohio after he reached home. "Your fine system of roadside parks," he said, "makes your state one of the most hospitable in the country for travelers."

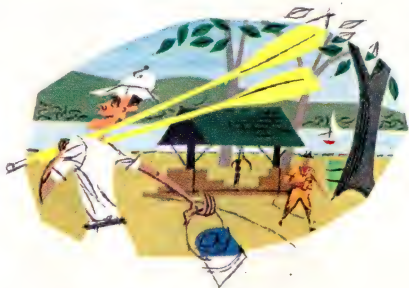
A visitor from Kentucky observed that the parks are plentiful

Roadside park on U. S. Highway 22, east of Washington Court House.



without congesting the roadside. If one is occupied, you drive a comfortable distance to find one that is available.

And from New Haven, Connecticut, came a letter from a tourist who said, "I had a three-week vacation, a few weeks ago, so with what little money we had we started for Oklahoma, planning to cook along the road to save money. But cooking on the road seemed impossible until we hit Ohio and saw those beautiful parks you have set up for people



This roadside park is on U. S. Highway 52, at Point Pleasant.

who travel. We really enjoyed our driving in Ohio. Now I know what many of my friends meant when they commented on your fine roadside parks."

Much of the commendation, however, comes from Ohio's own citizens. Wherever they live they don't live far from a roadside park. These parks are usually beauty spots in the community and the Highway Department is besieged with requests to build parks in communities which have none.

This pride is reflected in the way Ohioans see to it that no trash is left to litter the parks.

Ask a trucker who travels through Ohio to tell you about the roadside parks. "After a trip or two," one truck driver said, "you remember the locations of the parks on your route. Then when you get sleepy you know how far you have to travel before you find a place to pull over and sleep, and believe me that's a problem sometimes when roads are narrow and truck stops are far between."

Ohio highway safety engineers are not pulling figures out of a fish bowl when they tell how many visitors use the parks each year. Near the water pump at each park is a book in which visitors register. These lists are regularly collected and sent back to Columbus where they are studied carefully. The lists have revealed some interesting facts about the people who pull off Ohio roads to rest, get a drink of water, or repair a tire. Of every 100 persons stopping at one of Ohio's roadside parks, 34 are from out of the state. Each park has an average daily registration of 14 persons. Since only 10 to 40 per cent of the visitors bother to make their marks, the records show that the parks attract more than six million visitors annually. In 1948 attendance climbed to 7,256,717 persons, and as the number of parks increases attendance is expected to be even greater.

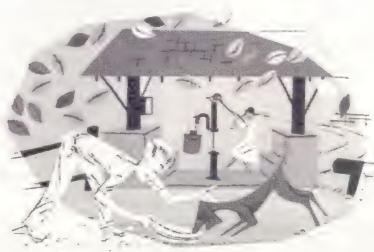
The more people who visit the



This roadside park, northeast of Lebanon, is on U. S. Highway 42.

roadside parks the happier the Department of Highways will be. They're practical about it. It's not only a question of aesthetics but also one of motoring safety. Of course these people enjoy themselves, but they also get in fewer accidents. There is no accurate way to check the effect of roadside parks on the accident rate but, said one official in the State Highway Department, "we like to think that the parks keep accidents down one third, and as time goes on, our records further substantiate this."

A roadside park is found a little north of Marion, on U. S. Highway 23.





☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
☆ *Americamera* ☆
☆ ☆
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Two Bridges in Vermont

photographs by Robert P. Holland

THE TENACITY with which a true Vermonter will stick by the past is seen in these two well-preserved legacies of earlier days. The picture above shows a real rarity—a floating bridge. Before the days of the metal girder, New Englanders used to span streams too wide for a timber or masonry bridge by building a floating bridge. This one, in Brookfield, Orange County, Vermont, is 320 feet long and is supported by 380 tarred, water-tight barrels. It was first built in 1812 and since has been rebuilt six times, most recently in 1936. Some time ago the state offered to replace the structure with a modern steel bridge but the people living nearby thought this would be an open insult to their forebears. They rejected the offer as politely as they could and stuck to the old ways, reasoning that if a floating bridge could serve for one century it certainly could serve for two.

Not so rare, but becoming increasingly so, is the covered bridge. This one is downstream from the floating bridge, at Taftsville, and was built about 1836. People who visit it are reminded of the most persistent argument in New England folklore circles: Why were bridges covered? To say it was to keep snow off is to ignore the needs of sleighs and the fact that some town budgets included funds for putting snow inside in winter. To say that it was to protect the bridge from weather is to forget that paint was plentiful in old Vermont and was used for just such purposes as keeping weather out. To say it was on account of water-shy horses is to underestimate a horse's intelligence. Whatever the answer is, the covered bridge is an interesting part of the New England scene. ■



Ceremonials in Sand

by Joyce Rockwood Muench

photographs by Josef Muench

THE WARM SUN beat down on the rocks which Kay-sto, the Navajo medicine man, and his helpers had piled together into a natural sanctuary against the wind. They brought clean red sand for the background of the painting they would make for the curing ceremony. It cascaded from the ragged saddle blanket, to be smoothed with a weaving batten and made ready for its overlay of colors.

We watched in reverence and admiration, grateful for the unusual privilege of photographing a real sandpainting. On "altars" such as this, Navajo patients seek cures for their souls as well as for physical ills. By chants and prayers and complete concentration, the "Holy People" are invoked—those spirit-world creatures that are both animal (or bird) and human being with supernatural powers—to bring the patient once again into harmony with the universe.

Only the unthinking would dismiss these ceremonies as barbaric or superstitious. It is true that a Navajo may be "sick" because a snake crossed his path, or because a tree near him was struck by lightning, or because he believes someone has cast a spell upon him. Or he may elect to be "sung over" merely to be blessed or purified. But modern medicine now accords increasing recognition to the psychosomatic factor in illness, and it is claimed that many an ailing Navajo who emerged uncured from white men's hospitals has recovered after these tribal ceremonies.

The finely-ground pigments, made from pollen, crushed flowers, meal, charcoal or minerals, dribbled from Kay-sto's deceptively relaxed hand as we watched. On the smooth red sand began to appear the vivid blue of the sky, the black of night, the red of rocks, and the colors that the Navajo observes on bird or snake, coyote or bear. The intricate patterns, with their stylized figures of Changing Woman, Child of the Waters and other important personages among the Holy People, have been drawn exactly the same way for generations.

*Above left: John Wilson, medicine man, prepares colors for a sandpainting.
Below left: A medicine man begins a sandpainting for a sick Navajo woman.*



← *A sandpainting grows under the skillfull hands of Kay-sto (left).*

Any Navajo present could have told us, if he would, the name of each figure in Kay-sto's painting, as indicated by its costume, its headdress or the implements in its hands. Most Navajo men, and some of the women, are trained to act as lay assistants to the "Singers," or medicine men, and to help with the chant singing that accompanies the sandpainting.

A sandpainting may be only a foot or so in diameter, or it may be as much as twenty feet. Two or three persons can make a small one in less than an hour, but large ones may require the work of more than a dozen men, for most of a day. We watched Kay-sto and his helpers for hours, fascinated by the steadily-enlarging picture and the reverent atmosphere.

The serious little shepherd girl who was waiting to be cured watched, too. When the painting was finished she took her place, sitting in the center of it. Kay-sto began the treatment after giving her an infusion of herbs to drink. In succession he touched the parts of the body of the painted figure, then the body of the patient, singing and praying all the while. She followed his instructions minutely, well aware of the tremendous forces assembled there at his bidding, and fearful lest some wrong word or motion should turn their good influence into mischief. Nor could any non-Navajo guess her thoughts or feelings then, while the weight of her entire world crowded into that time and place to restore and renew her.

For we non-Navajos are shut out from the world of the Holy People. But if we cannot know the terrible fears that attend them, neither can we experience the all-embracing comfort of the Navajo's tribal solidarity.

He is never a lone battler against evil and danger. The costly ceremony itself is a tangible reassurance of his family's love for him. Simple loyalties that begin with deep affection for his parents spread out in an ever-enlarging circle to a wider group which, by the time he is an adult, includes his "brother the fox" and his "father the sun."

These things the patient learns and relearns at the making of a sandpainting. When it has served its purpose, it is destroyed, bit by bit, in the order in which it was made, and the sand is swept up, to leave no such concentration of powers that might be abused by the unknowing, or the evil. ■

← *Symbolic figures of the "Holy People" are part of the painting.*



South view of historic Newgate Prison.

Newgate Nightmare

*Connecticut's Old Newgate Prison,
once a nightmare, is now a museum.*

by Marjorie Freer

paintings by Howard Freer

FEW TRAVELERS realize that one of New England's oldest landmarks—a dreaded Revolutionary War prison, which is also one of the most historic mines in America—can still be visited today. This is Newgate Prison in East Granby, Connecticut, located a short distance from the Massachusetts border.

Old Newgate, New World version, is an indoor and outdoor

museum maintained by the Newgate Historical Corporation. As a mine it dates back to 1705 when the copper outcroppings were discovered by a party of hunters from Simsbury. In 1773 the Colony of Connecticut turned the mine caverns into a prison with the prisoners working as miners. A whipping post was erected and the keeper authorized to punish the convicts for offenses by "moderate whipping, not exceeding ten lashes," and by shackling and fettering them. In 1776 George Washington sent some "atrocious villains" to be secured in the Newgate dungeons, and throughout the Revolution, Tories were committed here at Continental expense. In 1790 it became the Connecticut State Prison which it remained until 1827.

Over a million dollars was invested in extracting copper from Newgate and the mines, which were worked by successive companies. But strict English laws aimed to keep the Colonists from smelting, and the capture and sinking of many ore-laden British vessels by French warships combined to prevent the capitalists from realizing on their investment. Too, the getaway opportunities which miners' tools provided put an end to mining activities in Federal days even though plenty of copper remained to be mined.

During the Revolution even the name of Newgate was enough to inspire terror in the hearts of military prisoners. But in spite of its reputation, it had a record of spectacular prison breaks. John Hinson, the very first convict to be committed in Colonial times, got away after only eighteen days with the help of his sweetheart who drew him up the sixty-foot well shaft, where he was confined, plus the ninety-foot main mining shaft.

One of the most daring escapes of all was made when a Tory minister, the Reverend Licentiate Baxter, confined with fellow Tories, delivered such a fiery sermon in the caverns that a few days later his companions rushed the guards at the head of the ladder, caused the death of one guard, wounded five others and escaped, most of them permanently.

On another occasion the prisoners who worked above ground in the blacksmith, wheelwright, nail and cabinet shops secretly fashioned false keys from the pewter buttons on their clothes, and, at a given signal, unlocked their fetters and attacked the guard. The leader was shot and his body was left lying for three days in the yard in full view of his comrades as an object lesson.



← *Old Newgate's whipping post in the prison yard added to the nightmare stories of Connecticut's oldest prison.*

Once the prison was taken over by the state, steps were taken to make it more nearly escape-proof. The wooden palisade topped by iron spikes was replaced by a solid twelve-foot wall with a sentry tower. This inspired Doctor Buck, the prison doctor, to write a poem beginning:

"Attend all ye villains that live in the state
Consider the walls that encircle Newgate."

The better-behaved prisoners were allowed to sleep in cells in the lower part of the building called the Stone Jug, but the majority had to make the descent by ladder into the dripping caverns of the mine (adventuresome visitors do it today but without ball and chain!), then were locked for twelve hours, 4 p.m. to 4 a.m., in wooden, straw-filled cabins. The more refractory were chained in the chill darkness of solitary subterranean dungeons or put to work, by day, on the hated treadmill, grinding grain for prison use and neighboring farmers. Even unmanageable "ladybirds," as the female prisoners were called, were subjected to the tortures of the treadmill.

Along with the somber, Newgate had its lighter side. In the main room of the brick building in what is today a museum, the prison staff used to hold square dances at night to which they invited outside guests. A lifer convicted of murder furnished the music with his fiddle. The prisoners had their recreation and refreshment. Under guard, two or three could be conducted to a neighboring inn where they were allowed to buy ale to drink on the premises or take back to the prison with them.

Today, from the observation tower which has been added to the brick building, you can look down on the prison yard ringed round by the stout stone walls and see the main mining shaft with the original bucket, the escape well, the whipping post, the ruins of the treadmill building. And you can see miles down the Farmington River Valley with the skyscrapers of Hartford white in the distance. Newgate Prison, rich in early American history, belongs on your list of places to see. ■

← *Looking east from Old Newgate's dreaded solitary confinement cells. Here were history and heartbreak in early times.*





Bare Hill, Seneca Indians' birthplace, across Canandaigua Lake→

ing soldiers and has led to many "firsts" and odd creations. For instance, the jinrikisha was invented by a Penn Yan boy named Johnathan Goble who introduced it to the Japanese in the 1860's and saw the vehicle spread all over the Orient.

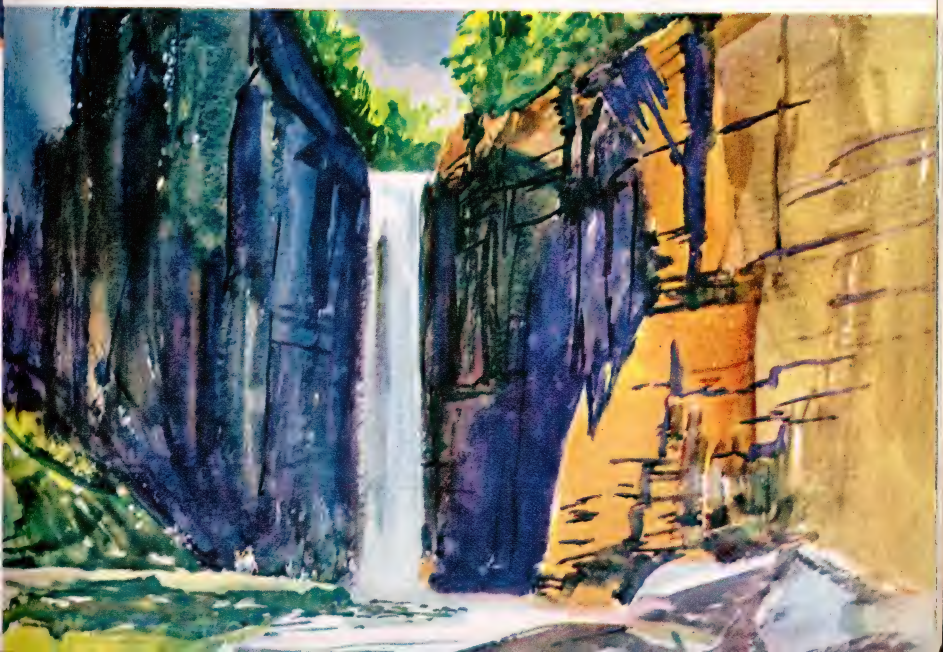
Emilia Bloomer, wife of the postmaster at Seneca Falls, defied convention a century ago by donning a pair of Turkish style trousers which she persisted in wearing all her days. The strange costume became known as "bloomers." And about that time in the same village Mrs. Bloomer's friend, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, organized the first woman-suffrage convention. Meanwhile in Geneva, eleven miles away, Elizabeth Blackwell was fighting her way through the Geneva Medical School in the face of ridicule to become the first woman doctor of medicine in history.

Such assorted inventions as the cast iron plow, the adding machine, the Pullman car and the electric chair, which first snuffed out a life at Auburn prison in 1890, came out of the Finger Lakes. Ithaca is one of many U. S. towns to claim origin of the sundae. Its version is that after a Sunday morning service given by the Reverend C. H. Heizer some fifty-eight years ago, the clergyman poured some syrup over a gob of ice cream in Platt's drugstore and downed it with such relish that a group of onlooking Cornellians called for the same dish. And at the head of Lake Keuka in the village of Hammondsport, Glenn Hammond Curtiss, a bicycle repairman, wrote history in 1908 by making the first airplane flight of more than a mile.

Curtiss' town is in the heart of the grape growing district, a small section of the Finger Lakes region, but so fertile that it yields about half of our domestic champagne and boasts the oldest wineries in America. Visitors are received graciously at any of the numerous old ivy-clad wineries and are taken on an attic-to-cellar tour which winds up with some mild wine-bibbing on the house. The tours, say the vintners, attract as many visitors as Taughannock Falls and Watkins Glen for all of the latter's nineteen spectacular waterfalls and grottos.

It has often been said that there is an unknown and mystic element in the soil and climate of the Finger Lakes region for the place has witnessed strange happenings and has fostered

Taughannock Falls, a scenic spot between Seneca and Cayuga Lakes→



cults and movements of various kinds since it was first settled.

The first to lead a new religious group into the lake country was Jemima Wilkinson, a tall, handsome woman with jet-black hair who reigned as a divine queen over her 400 followers on the shores of Lake Seneca. As a girl she had risen from her bed one morning after a bout with fever and announced that she had died during the night and was now reborn with the gift of prophecy. Her commands were always instantly obeyed and she was attended by handmaidens and rode in a gilded coach. She called herself the Universal Friend and ruled for many years but the cult did not survive her death in 1819.

A few years later another prophet named Joseph Smith stirred the countryside by exclaiming that the angel Moroni had secretly revealed to him the golden tablets of the Book of Mormon on a hilltop near Palmyra. One of his early converts was Brigham Young, a neighboring farmer who was to lead the persecuted group westward, eventually reaching Utah.

Believers in psychic phenomena revere the lake region as the birthplace of spiritualism. For it was in a house near Newark a century ago that the Fox sisters, Margaret and Kate, first claimed to receive messages from the departed through spirit rappings. For years the sisters demonstrated their weird powers before believers and skeptics on both sides of the Atlantic. Eventually they confessed that the rappings were caused by the snappings of their toe joints but their followers rejected the confession. The Fox house is preserved as a spiritualistic shrine and the Finger Lakes region is still receptive to psychic demonstrations. For example at Freeville, near Ithaca, hundreds of spiritualists gather every June and hold meetings and public seances during the summer months in a complete village of their own.

Route U.S. 20, main east-west highway of New York, cuts through the center of the state for 285 miles between Albany and Buffalo and along the way five of the Finger Lakes dangle from it like a row of stockings on a clothes line. Keuka, the wishbone, is the only one off the line. The entire lake region is only 60 miles wide and 40 miles deep, an area of small neat towns, and you can tour it all in an unhurried week end. The metropolis and hub is Auburn (36,994 population) near the foot of Lake Owasco where the Finger Lakes Association has its headquarters. With branches in 30 towns and villages the Association is the watch dog against roadside ugliness and also

serves as a tourist information bureau. Drop in at any of its offices—you are never more than a few miles away from one—and you will be given an array of booklets and cheerfully told everything you need to know. If it's fishing you're interested in, for instance, they will tell you where to find it and what boat liveries to use. You have your choice of large and small mouth bass, pickerel, walleyed and northern pike and four varieties of trout: lake, brook, brown and rainbow.

They will give you a list of golf and yacht clubs with guest privileges and point out that you can stay at places ranging from huge lakeside hotels to public camping grounds; and that the whole area is dotted with landscaped state parks which offer picnic grounds, bathing beaches and cabins.

The Red Man's poetic version of the creation of the lakes doesn't jibe with that of the geologists who say that they were made by an invading ice sheet which scoured out the valleys and left the lakes when it retreated northwards. But there can be no disagreement about the paradise that remained when the lakes were formed, a paradise which is still there. ■

Cornell University Campus, "far above Cayuga's waters."



Ten Miles of Roses

photographs by D. Vincent Shaner

A HUNDRED years ago the two Missouri towns of Jackson and Cape Girardeau were bitter political and commercial rivals—but no one would guess it now. For between the two, along U. S. Highway 61, stretches the Ten Mile Garden. It is the result of their joint efforts to beautify the King's Highway—so called because it is part of the old Spanish trail to St. Louis.

Cape Girardeau dates back to 1786 when Louis Lorimier, an agent for the Spanish crown, set up a trading post on the Mississippi River. It was platted in 1806, but the U. S. Land Commission later rejected Lorimier's Spanish land title and so invalidated all the titles in the city. Thereupon Jackson took over local leadership: it became the site of the county courthouse, acquired one of the state's first newspapers, and by 1818 boasted a population of 300.

But Cape Girardeau's river commerce soon made up for this political setback. By 1849 it had settled its land titles, while Jackson had experienced several misfortunes, including a cholera epidemic and intramural arguments about the Civil War. Cape Girardeau clinched its supremacy by capturing the Jackson branch of the State Bank. Today its population is about 20,000 compared with Jackson's 3,000—but Jackson is still the county seat.

All such enmities have long been forgotten. Since 1935 the two towns have raised over \$10,000 for shrubs and trees which the State Highway Commission has obligingly planted. The roses make the most spectacular sight; during the last two weeks of May they form an almost-solid border for ten miles (*right*). But other shrubs and trees—dogwood and redbud, hundreds of evergreens and all kinds of deciduous trees—help make the roadway a colorful stretch almost the year round. Dozens of magnolias planted recently symbolize the meeting of North and South at Cape Girardeau. ■



Glove Compartment

(Where you always find a little of everything except gloves)

BLUEPLATES FROM ROADSIDE RESTAURANTS

by Robert E. Murray

Desperation sign on a California highway:

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, COME IN AND EAT
BEFORE WE BOTH STARVE.

A bit of kidding on a diner wall:

OUR SPECIALTY: CHICKEN SANDWICHES
40c if made with veal.
50c if made with tuna fish.

From a Florida window:

"We make pies like mother made before she
learned to play canasta."

★ ★ ★

BIG BLOW FROM THE SOUTHWEST

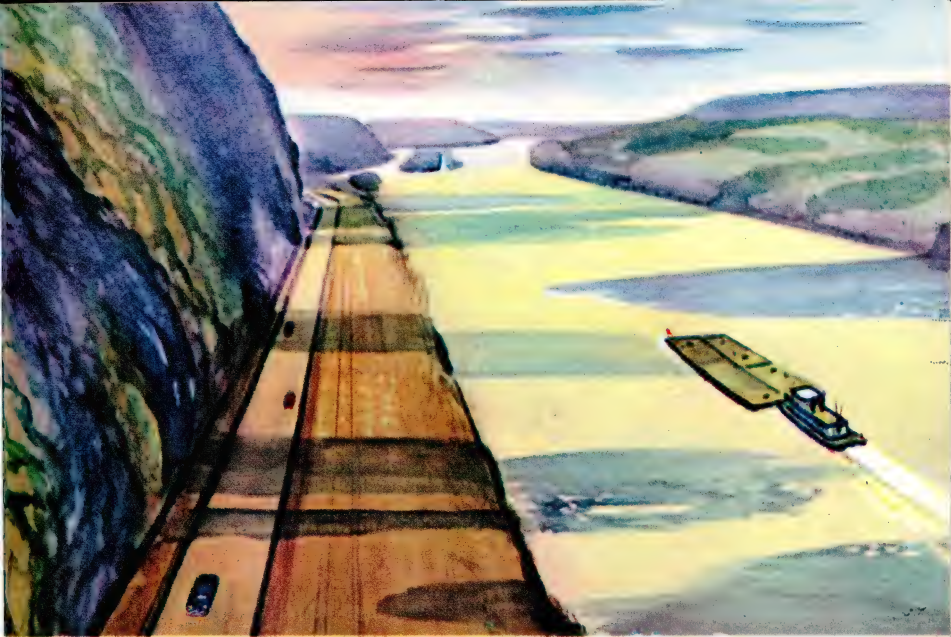
Notes from Harry Oliver's Desert Rat Scrapbook

I live in 1000 Palms and get all the wind coming down from San Gorginio Pass, and in them 35 miles there's nothing to stop the wind but three barbed wire fences. Of course it blows all the barbs to the corners, but it slows it some.

Our school teacher at 1000 Palms claims she scours her pans by holding them up to the keyhole. The sand coming through in a stream polishes them better than she can by the usual method.

Farmer down near me says he can't keep up with his farm, which took a trip north, but speculates she'll be back next week, he says, "and I can plow then."

Jack Diamond over at Hidden Springs Ranch used to have a lot of fine chickens but he ran out of buckshot . . . If he don't feed them chickens buckshot, the wind blows them away. ■



Prairie du Chien Ridge

Up the Mississippi

4—Circuses and Sternwheelers

story and paintings by Don Brown

MCGREGOR, IOWA, nestles in a deep and narrow ravine which opens on the Mississippi. I came upon it very early in the morning, in my tour up the river by highway and automobile, and drove on up to Pike's Peak (Iowa version—altitude 1,120 feet!) to paint the gray dawn. The Mississippi was a winding band of silver, and a pale streak of gold lighted the horizon. To my left was the mouth of the Wisconsin River where, in 1673, Marquette and Joliet first glimpsed the Mississippi.

This is the home town of the five young Ringling brothers who, after an early, successful performance here, loaded the entire Ringling Brothers Circus into three rowboats and pulled it upstream to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, for another one-



night stand. There Al Ringling brought down the house by borrowing a plow from a farmer and balancing it on his chin.

There is a gravel beach at McGregor landing, and good fishing. A stocky Indian was selling souvenirs there and I asked him, perhaps too eagerly, "Are you a Chippewa?"

"No," he answered grumpily, "Winnebago. What are you?"

While I was fumbling this one, his little son, dressed in blue jeans and bright yellow shirt, came up and looked at me with shy, bright eyes. As I sketched him (in return for a shiny quarter) his white playmates came along, dressed in home made Indian costumes and brandishing toy bows and arrows. I persuaded him to whisper his name in my ear. It sounded like "N-ashi An-a-waw." I said, "That's hard to pronounce."

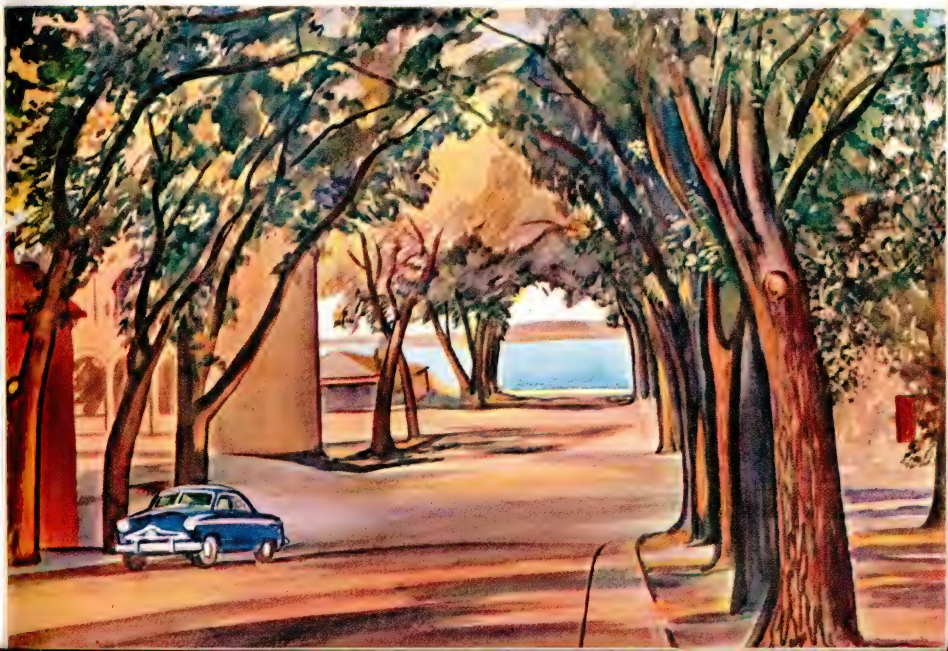
"Yeah," drawled his friends, "so we call him Hank!"

At Marquette I crossed the suspension bridge to Prairie du Chien. Here the river, cutting straight past a high rocky cliff, is almost like a man-made canal. Occasionally a car sped down the highway carved out of the bluffs on the west bank. A tugboat pushed its string of barges upstream. Clouds floated their gray and lavender shadows across the hills and the river. I walked back to the middle of the bridge to paint this scene which was both placid and bustling with commerce.

A hundred miles upriver I stopped again to paint one of the shady streets of Fountain City, Wisconsin. Suddenly I heard a steamboat whistle, and when some boys called out that it was a sternwheeler I rushed down to the river with them. With us ran a gentleman whom I took to be about 45 years old. We watched the silver cascade of water fall from the wheel, silent in admiration. Then, since I own a small sternwheeler in Louisiana, I pointed out the superiorities of this craft. He agreed enthusiastically.



Later I learned that I had been explaining stern-wheelers to Captain William Henning, for 53 years a river captain, and formerly skipper of the sternwheeler, *Minnesota*. But somehow I feel sure he will not hold it against me. ■





Interior, New Salem House

Mr. Lincoln Was With Us

by Nell Giles Ahern

drawings by Charles B. Culver

LIKE so many other people last summer, my husband and I made the Grand Tour—American style. We saw George Washington's fruit trees espaliered against the walls of Mount Vernon. We admired Robert E. Lee's carved four poster bedstead at Arlington; the hilltop elegance of Jefferson's Monticello outside Charlottesville; Lee's dramatically beautiful white tomb at Lexington, and up from the chapel the sweep of green lawn where the white-pillared red brick buildings of his University stand in a row.

In Washington we also saw Ford's Theatre where Abraham Lincoln was shot, and Mr. Peterson's house across the street where he died. We saw the house in Springfield, Illinois, where Mr. Lincoln lived for twenty-five years and his tomb there in Oak Ridge Cemetery. And in Hodgenville, Kentucky, we saw the log cabin in which he was born.

I wanted almost everything I saw in the homes of Washing-

ton, Jefferson, and Lee. That bed . . . the fruit trees . . . Mr. Jefferson's dining room fireplace with the Wedgewood tiles—oh, for his French elegance and his gift with color!

Of Mr. Lincoln's, there isn't a thing I want for its own sake. His undistinguished home on the corner of Eighth and Jackson holds no artistic treasures as far as I could see. And yet, wherever we touched Lincoln, he touched us. We could feel what Tolstoy said—the others are moonlight; Lincoln is the sun.

I have been thinking about what great men can do to a tourist in the fall and winter following the visit, and I have been trying to understand why Mr. Lincoln was with us when the others were so remote.

We approached Springfield on a dazzling August Sunday on a road across the prairies. For the first time, we saw the horizon in a circle, and corn really "as high as an elephant's eye." And following the signs we came to the house which stood, when he bought it, at the edge of the cornfields across town.

Going up the steps we heard a man say as if he were a neighbor: "That's where he used to pull Ted and Willie in the go-cart."

I had a strange feeling that Mr. Lincoln himself was going to open the door, as he often did, and almost I could hear Mary Todd screaming from the stair landing, "Mr. Lincoln!" because he'd forgotten to put his coat on and his galluses showed. Once he opened the door to some socially important Springfield ladies, friends of his wife, and told them to come right in—Mrs. Lincoln would be down as soon as she had her "trappings" on. As a husband and as a man, he walked over the book of etiquette.

But it was just the book-rules he ignored. "Abe Lincoln's heart's as big as his arms are long," people in Springfield said. Here in his house, on the wall of the room to the right, is an example: the letter from the little girl in Westfield, New York. Did he have any little girls, she wanted to know, and why didn't he grow whiskers? He answered that he had four boys, and maybe growing whiskers would seem an affectation on him. But later, when the Inaugural Train reached Westfield during that roundabout eleven-day journey to Washington, Mr. Lincoln looked over the crowd and said, "I have a correspondent in this town." The crowd shouted, "Give us the name!" and when he gave it, they brought little Grace Bedell up to Mr. Lincoln. He pointed to his new beard and said, "You see, Grace, I grew these whiskers for you." Then he kissed her.

And he could drop in on old friends and eat bread and milk and make them feel they had served him rare roast beef.

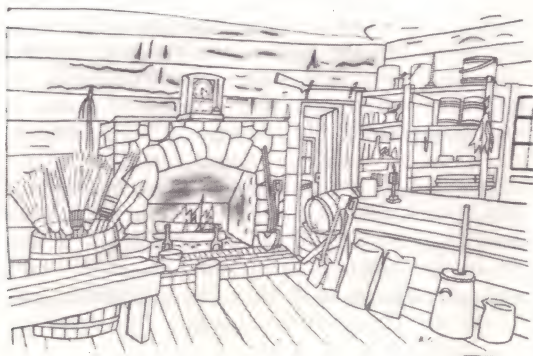
Or think of the time he was asked to say a few words at a friend's funeral. He stood there, tall above the few friends gathered at the coffin. He thought of this man and choked with tears. His funeral speech was eloquently silent.

Deep feeling was woven into him, part compassion but also part humor. In the double parlor of the Springfield house we saw his favorite chair, and it was easy to think of him sitting there talking to people who dropped in. "That reminds me," he'd say and then maybe tell the one about the balloonist who dropped down out of the sky onto a cotton patch where some darkies were chopping cotton. They flew—when they saw him floating down. All but one old fellow too crippled with rheumatism. He shuffled up to the balloonist, pulled off his old hat and said, "Howdy, Massa Jesus. How's yo' Pa?"

Mr. Lincoln could see the funny side. A judge in Springfield once had to fine him during a trial for influencing the jury with his jokes. "He can make a cat laugh," is the way a neighbor in Indiana put it.

What did he come from that gave him such Olympian compassion and such wit? At the log cabin in Hodgenville, Kentucky, you will find no material evidence. In front of you is a giant oak tree, there long before Lincoln was born—perhaps to remind him that big oaks from little acorns grow. And to the side, a sunken spring—perhaps to say to him that still waters run deep. The bare cabin, chinked with mud, is en-

The Barry-Lincoln Store



closed in a sort of Greek temple dated 1909 because President Theodore Roosevelt laid the cornerstone then at the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth on February 12.

I don't know why it has to be a temple. Or why the temple is Greek—unless it's because Mr. Lincoln always carried Euclid in his pocket, along with Joe Miller's joke book.

The day we got there—a Saturday—a man drove up with a giant Dalmatian in the back of his car. He opened the door, the black and white spotted dog leaped out and pranced around like a pony, and here on the sacred soil of Lincoln's birthplace, people laughed and gawked and piled up around the car just as Mr. Lincoln would have done. "Law! Whut a dawg!" they said. "Chawley, that's the biggest dawg I evch saw in mah life!"

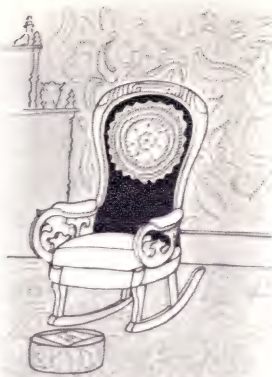
Can you imagine people getting distracted by anything—even by Siamese twins—at the mansions of Washington, Jefferson, or Lee? It is strange that Mr. Lincoln's hold on people transcends his lack of souvenirs. Why is this? It is as though he had never died.

We felt this even at Ford's Theatre where the shot was fired. It was intensively hot on 10th Street that day in Washington. We were glad to pay our dimes at the door and get in out of the sun. But inside, we forgot ourselves and were drawn up to the corner of the hall where a Park Service guide was telling about the night Mr. Lincoln was shot. It was as real as last night.

We stood on the spot where his box was located. We saw the flag torn by Booth's spur as he leaped to the stage. We saw Booth's footprints painted on the floor.

A man next to us said in a flat accent: "Mr. Lincoln didn't want to go to the theatre that night. He was tired. His wife made him go." The man was explaining this to his own wife.

The guide told us we could go across the street to Mr. Peterson's house and see where Mr. Lincoln died. We did.



Lincoln's Rocking Chair

*Ford
Theatre*



This time we paid our dimes to a pleasant-looking middle aged lady who was at the moment catching up on her correspondence. I read: "Dear Cousin Letty:" over her shoulder as we walked down the corridor to the hall bedroom which a boarder named William Clark had rented from Mr. Peterson in 1865, not having the slightest premonition that the President of the United States was going to die in his bed.

We saw the print of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" over the head of the bed just as Mr. Stanton, standing at the foot, must have seen it that early Saturday morning when he said, "Now he belongs to the ages!"

But truly to find why Abraham Lincoln holds us so closely, I have to think again about this tomb as we saw it on that August Sunday in Springfield. Oak Ridge Cemetery is out on the edge of town and in it, along a drive bordered with grass, and red cannas and heavy Victorian gravestones, we came to Lincoln's tomb. The rightness of it strikes you at once. There is a small obelisk of limestone blocks set on a large stone and at the base of this are exquisite bronze figures. The shields of the United States encircle the tomb. Then you walk inside into the heartbreaking silence.

"Growing from boy to man, he was alone a good deal of the time," Carl Sandburg says in *THE PRAIRIE YEARS*. "It happened, too, that his loneliness he knew was not like that of people in cities who can look from a window on streets where faces pass and repass. It was wilderness loneliness he became acquainted with, solved, filtered through body, eye and brain, held communion within his ears, in the temples of his forehead, in the works of his beating heart."

In the circle of silence around the vaults of Mr. Lincoln and

his family, the tourist walks, and stops to look at the various Lincolns the sculptors have left here in bronze. The young Lincoln, the prairie Lincoln, the lawyer, the war president. He was made to be remembered in bronze! Then the tourist walks on in silence—to read the plain bronze words of Abraham Lincoln set into the walls:

It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here . . . and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

In his own home again the tourist thinks over all he has seen: the view from Mt. Vernon . . . the view from Arlington . . . the view from Monticello. Abraham Lincoln came from the depths. He had in his background a swampy spring farm and a mother who died of milk fever and whose grave is unmarked. Then he lived on the flat prairies. But his spiritual view took in the whole nation . . . and the world. He saw over the heads of his contemporaries, way back to the words of Thomas Jefferson, and he had a spiritual comprehension of “a more perfect union” and the pursuit of happiness.

The fact that he was born almost on Valentine’s Day makes you draw up short before the word *love*. Lincoln was a giant who showed us how to put that word “love” in a sling shot and send it out to its farthest meaning in what Tolstoy named “depth of feeling and certain moral power.”

It is for us, the living—



*Oldroyd
Lincoln
Museum*



Miami Off Season

by James H. East

photographs by Robert Holland

DURING last summer's heat wave, of limp and collar-blasting memory, a brave Floridian astray in the Dakotas took his life in his hands and, to a wilting acquaintance in the town of Mandan, said:

"Look, Ed. Come on down to Miami and get relief from the heat."

Next to Death Valley, Miami was the last place on earth the Dakotan wished to be caught dead in on that particular day. Mandan being 1,500 miles north of Miami, he thought he had a point. He was for still farther north, and in phantasy had bought a small glacier in British Columbia, and was romping on it barefooted. But mention of Miami brought him back to the steam room of reality.

"I'm cooking alive right now," said the Dakotan, wringing out his last handkerchief. "What's Miami got in summer that I want?"

Seeking an answer to the Dakotan's question we dropped in to see the boys in the Miami Beach Publicity Office. We had heard rumors of Spartans summer-vacationing there, and were skeptical; and we wished to know if it were actually true—as advertised—that hotels were starting their summer prices as low as one dollar per day, per room.

Definitely, we learned, there are summer bargains—and good ones. But the one-dollar-a-day business is probably a come on. Summer bargains run as low as fifteen dollars a week for a fully equipped housekeeping apartment or cottage which would cost you fifty a week between November and May.

The idea of an off-season vacation in Miami is no particular heresy, we learned, to Georgians and Carolinians living south of the mountains. To them, Miami is not excessively warm. They point out, with weather bureau backing, that the average temperature range from winter to summer is only 13 degrees. And it is true that in parts of the midwest the mercury reaches

*Above left: General MacArthur Causeway—Miami in background.
Below left: In summer the Miami beaches have plenty of sitting room.*



← *Fairchild Tropical Gardens are in Miami, winter and summer.*

39 below in winter and 110 above in summer, a range of 149 degrees.

It comes out that Cubans have for some time been using Miami as a summer resort. They come shuttling over from Havana. Recently the airlines have been putting on a promotion campaign, and meanwhile a thin but growing stream of traffic heads south for Miami—in summer.

Besides definitely lower prices for accommodations from May to November, what else has Miami to offer off season? Experienced Floridians assert that in summer the citrus fruits are sweeter than ever, and only in summer do the mangoes ripen, the papayas all season. Fishing is pretty much as usual, which means good to excellent—and off season there is enough room on the bridges so that you don't have to wedge shoulders. But, we are told, there are enough bridge fishermen present to indicate which bridge is best at what time of day.

And right here seems to be a big point. Miami Beach, the pink and white city—one of the cleanest in the world—is there, just as in winter. Along Lincoln Road many of the shops are open. Many other Florida resorts are dead in summer than ghost towns, but Miami is definitely alive. The Dade County parks are kept up as scrupulously as in winter, and a great many amusements and attractions—with the exception of racing—are still offered. In other words, the supply is here in summer, but the demand is not yet, which means that there are no crowds!

How long this pleasing privacy will last is anyone's guess, but right now it is Miami's "extra added" summer attraction.

Having Miami all to one's self is practically unheard of to the winter tourist, who at times has found it difficult to discover sitting room in the sand, or standing room in the sun. But in summer there is a large supply of reasonably comfortable open space, a situation which prompted a derisive Miami summer vacationer to write postcards to northern friends, who were vacationing in heat wave relief areas such as Coney Island and Nantasket Beach. As we heard it, these postcards read:

*Dear So-and-So: Come on down to Miami, where
there's room to go swimming and cool off!*

← *Night scene on 17th Street, Miami Beach, any season.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Brookwood Farms, Tennessee

Sweet Potato Soufflé

6 cups cooked sweet potato
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg
3 whole eggs

Have all ingredients whipped well in an electric mixer. Then put mixture in a casserole and bake in 400° oven until light brown. Serve immediately. This soufflé has become a tradition at Brookwood Farms and each guest receives a portion with dinner.

To all those who ask where good old-fashioned Southern cooking and hospitality have gone, Brookwood Farms is the answer. Open a little more than a year, it has already registered over 80,000 guests from all over the world. Three miles south of Columbia on U.S. 31, it accommodates overnight guests as well as diners.

←painting of Brookwood Farms by F. M. Stephenson

←painting of El Tovar Hotel by Robert Boston

El Tovar Hotel, Arizona

Beef Tenderloin—Stroganoff

2 pounds tenderloin tips
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic
1 onion, medium size
1 cup white wine
1 cup sour cream
Salt, pepper, and cayenne

Cut tenderloin tips in two-inch slices about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick; sauté with chopped onion over a fast fire. Sauté mushrooms separately, adding garlic at the last minute. Mix all ingredients together. Simmer for five minutes, season, and serve.

You just can't beat the El Tovar for the scene you view from its dining room, which is perched on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Off Highway 66, this hotel built of native boulders and pine slabs, is one of the famous Fred Harvey chain. The food almost distracts guests from gazing out the giant picture windows.



Wiggins Old Tavern, Massachusetts

Pecan Pie

2 quarts corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound melted butter
15 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce salt
5 cups pecans
4 pie shells, unbaked

Beat eggs well; add corn syrup, molasses, butter, vanilla, salt and pecans. Fill four pie tins lined with a rich pie crust. Bake in medium oven for about 40 minutes. Makes four average-size pies.

You can cut down the recipe given by Wiggins Old Tavern, but experience has taught that this popular dessert has a strange habit of disappearing, almost before it is served. An intriguing display of antiques, offered for sale, tempts guests the minute they walk into this Tavern in Northampton.

←painting of Wiggins Old Tavern by George Cohen

←painting of The Nut Tree by James Lawrence

The Nut Tree, California

Marshmallow Dressing

5 ounces Karo syrup
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
2 egg whites
Vanilla, to taste
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup mayonnaise

Combine syrup, sugar and hot water and cook until mixture registers 248° or when it will form a thread. Beat egg whites stiff; then add hot sugar syrup slowly to eggs while continuing to beat. Flavor with vanilla. When cool add mayonnaise and serve with your favorite fruit salad. For a dessert,

spread marshmallow dressing over a slice of orange nut bread and top with strawberries.

Just 54 miles north of San Francisco on U. S. 40, The Nut Tree in Vacaville is famous for its salads, homemade bread, and chocolate fudge cake. Many have tried to pry away one of the chef's secret recipes but the **FORD TIMES** boasts the only success to date.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

The lunch is unpacked, the steaks are sizzling, and suddenly you are face to face with an old friend . . . one who crashes every picnic and with radar-like accuracy leaps on your potato salad and buttered roll. See how many of these staunch picnickers you can identify. Answers on page 63.

photos by Edwin Way Teale



Not a diver's helmet nor a root . . .

2





... not a monster nor your cousin Louie.



Where Is It?

There are literally thousands of communities on the North American continent that are fascinating both as a place to live and as a vacation attraction. One of the six described might be your home town or a spot you visited on your last trip. Check the answers on page 63 and don't be too surprised if the younger generation comes up with the highest score!



1 Supplied Miners

Center of an immense mining, lumbering, farming, and ranching territory . . . Lewis and Clark camped on the town site in 1805 . . . guides take visitors through the largest white pine mill in the world . . . founded as a supply point for gold mines in the area . . . the town's annual Roundup in September one of the biggest shows in the Northwest . . . not far from Hell's Canyon of the Snake River . . . try U. S. 95.



2 Home of Abraham Lincoln

Settled in 1819 . . . capital of the Prairie State . . . Abraham Lin-

coln was married and practiced law here . . . in the heart of a rich agricultural and coal mining area . . . noted also as the birthplace and home of poet Vachel Lindsay . . . Lincoln Home, Lincoln Tomb and Monument open to the public daily . . . several famous towns in the United States have the same name . . . on U. S. 66.



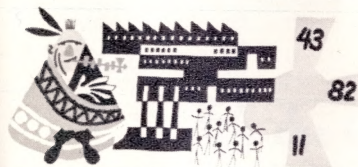
3 Bane of the Fish

Artists and vacationists flock here in the summer months . . . yachting, deep-sea fishing, swimming, and golf are favorite sports . . . noted as a fishing center since its founding in 1623 . . . situated on Cape Ann and State Highway 127 . . . visitors welcome at the Fish Pier . . . range of the fisherman extends from the Capes of Virginia to Greenland and Iceland . . . one of the oldest communities in Massachusetts.



4 Summer Attraction

Black Hills Passion Play given several times a week from June to September . . . not far from the 50,000 acres of the Theodore Roosevelt Game Refuge . . . at the northern end of the Black Hills . . . Federal Fish Hatchery, six blocks south of U. S. 14, open to visitors . . . at the mouth of the scenic Spearfish Canyon . . . situated in a delightful agricultural and fruit-producing valley.



5 On the Black Warrior

Bears the name of a Choctaw Indian Chief . . . interesting campus of the University of Alabama is on U. S. 11 . . . surrounded by rich farming and mining land . . . once a state capital . . . on the Black Warrior River . . . over 40 industrial establishments give the city its bustling tone . . . Alabama Museum of Natural History is open to visitors every day of the week . . . U. S. 43, 82, 11, and 43 all lead into the city.



6 Favored by a Queen

More than 80 years ago Queen Victoria chose this as the capital of Canada . . . pulp, paper, and lumber the chief products of the city's industrial plants . . . at the junction of Rideau and Gabeineau Rivers . . . the Dominion Parliament Buildings are open daily to visitors . . . on Provincial Highways 15, 16, and 17 . . . to the west and north visitors view the purple Laurentians . . . seat of St. Patrick's College . . . began as a frontier lumbering town.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Cricket
2. Daddy-longlegs
3. Ant
4. Fly

Where Is It?

1. Lewiston, Idaho
2. Springfield, Illinois
3. Gloucester, Massachusetts
4. Spearfish, South Dakota
5. Tuscaloosa, Alabama
6. Ottawa, Ontario

Contributors' Page



The story on Grand Marais (Page 2) is by one of the best known writers in the country: MARGARET CULKIN BANNING. This is her report on herself: "I live and vote in Duluth. There I keep my responsibilities. I work on local committees and on the library board and have memberships in altogether too many things. When the responsibilities get me down I run away, typewriter under my arm. I have a cottage in the Wisconsin woods and a house in North Carolina but I do my writing everywhere—in Spain, in Paris, in the North, in the South, on trains and on other people's typewriters. In Duluth I do it in a bare room overlooking Lake Superior, eight hours a day. I seem to have a lightning-rod attraction for wars. In 1914 I was in London, in 1936 in San Sebastian in a hotel that was fired on when the war in Spain started, and in 1939 in Paris for the first mobilization. I belong to about 38 organizations and always intend to resign from 37. I've said that before. I mean never to make another talk in public. I've said that before. I like being a citizen and a writer and a mother and listening to recorded music and getting out of traffic jams and literary messes. In fact, I like everything that comes my way. Except war."

WAYNE L. CLAXTON, artist on the Grand Marais story, vacations from his duties as chairman of the Fine Arts Department of Wayne University at the modern summer home and studio (called "Waymar" to share credit with his wife, Margaret) he built on the Door Peninsula of Wisconsin. He used to paint, study and exhibit his work in many parts of Europe. Now he indulges in his special hobbies of architecture, forestry, sailing and the raising of peas.



To be able to add something skillful and moving to the already enormous body of literature on Abraham Lincoln is no mean feat. NELL GILES AHERN did it, and she deserves acclaim for the story on page 46. She lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with her husband, who is on the Boston Globe, for which she used to write a column. She is the author of a book, "Susan, Be Smooth," and was once on the Ladies' Home Journal. Now she cooks, keeps house and writes short stories and articles. When people ask her what she does with her spare time, she says, "Oh, I lead the life of Riley—Robert L. M. Ahern Riley."



PETE BARRETT ("The Tarpon's Zany Cousin") feels he is among the world's luckiest people because he makes a living from what he likes best—hunting and fishing. In 1940 he was with a company that built sugar factories when he asked Ray Holland, then editor of Field & Stream, how to get an editorial job connected with hunting and fishing. Holland said, "First sell some articles to outdoor magazines." Pete tried Holland, who then said, "First double-space your manuscripts." Holland was encouraging though, and Pete began to sell. After a hitch with the air forces he got on Outdoor Life and then joined True as outdoors editor. Pete's wife, who can lay out a nice fly and likes to tramp the woods for grouse, took the picture of Pete in his favorite position: hip-deep in a trout stream.



painting by Wayne Claxton

Along the Gun Flint Trail

North of Grand Marais, Minnesota, the Gun Flint Trail leads through a maze of lake and forest country. North of that, you enter the Superior National Forest area, where you travel by canoe or not at all. The above scene along the Gun Flint Trail will have particular meaning for those who love the scent of swamp mist and spruce.



SEC. 34.66 P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

P A I D

Detroit, Mich.

Permit No. 2542

Compliments of

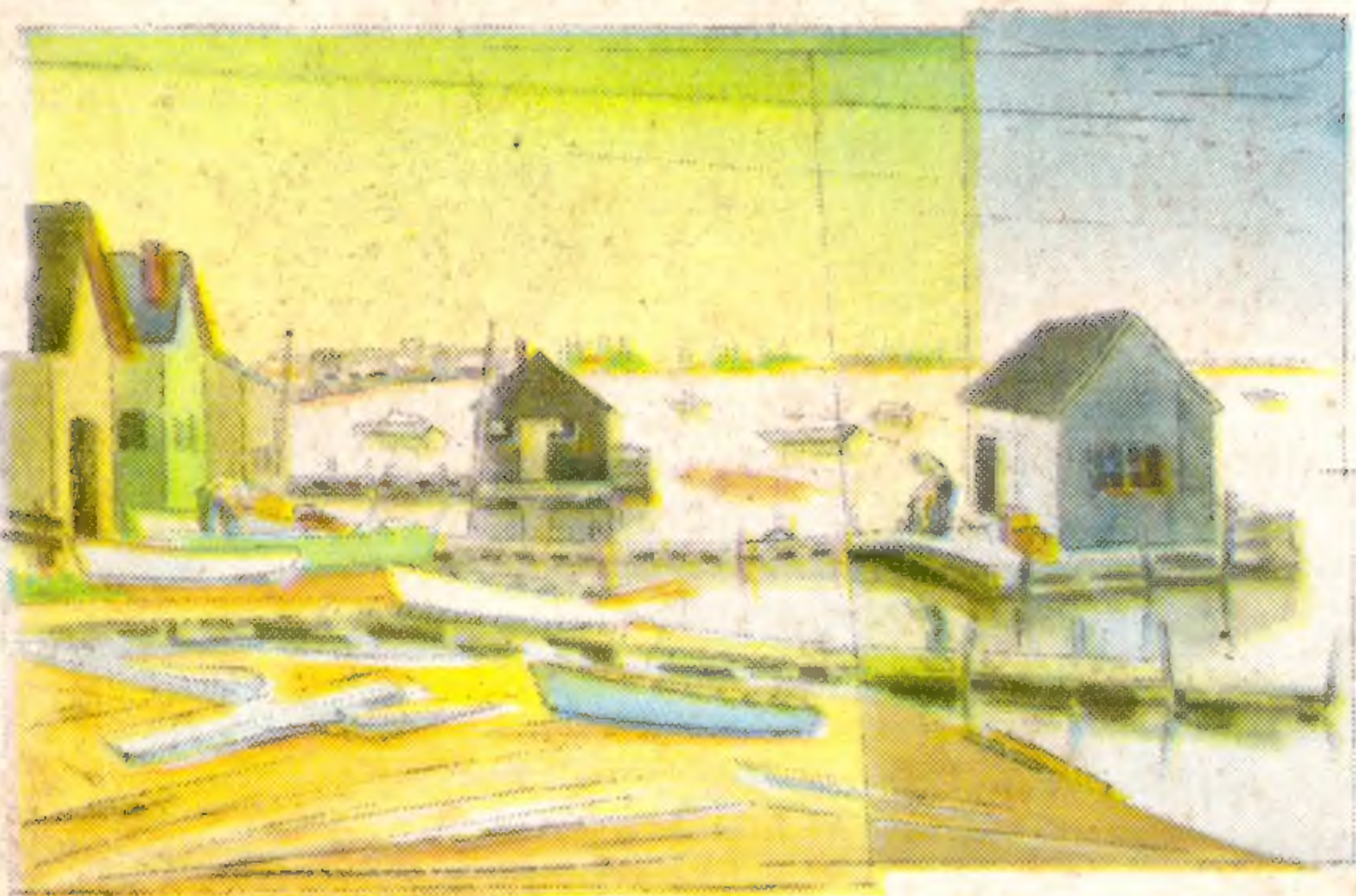
BRISTOL FORD COMPANY

Beaver & Prospect Sts.

(Opposite Post Office)

Bristol, Pennsylvania

4—7—124



Front cover—Fisherman's Cove, Grand Marais Harbor. The scene is painted by Wayne Claxton, whose watercolors illustrate "My Favorite Town, Grand Marais, Minnesota," by Margaret Culkin Banning (see story on page 2).

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.